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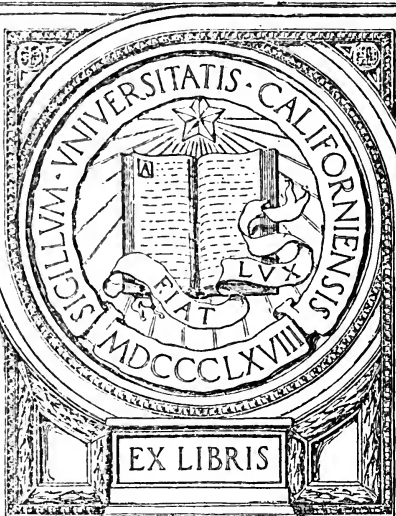
British Readers

By
PITT BONARJEE.

HEATH CRANTON LIMITED,
6, FLEET LANE, LONDON, E.C.4.

1922.

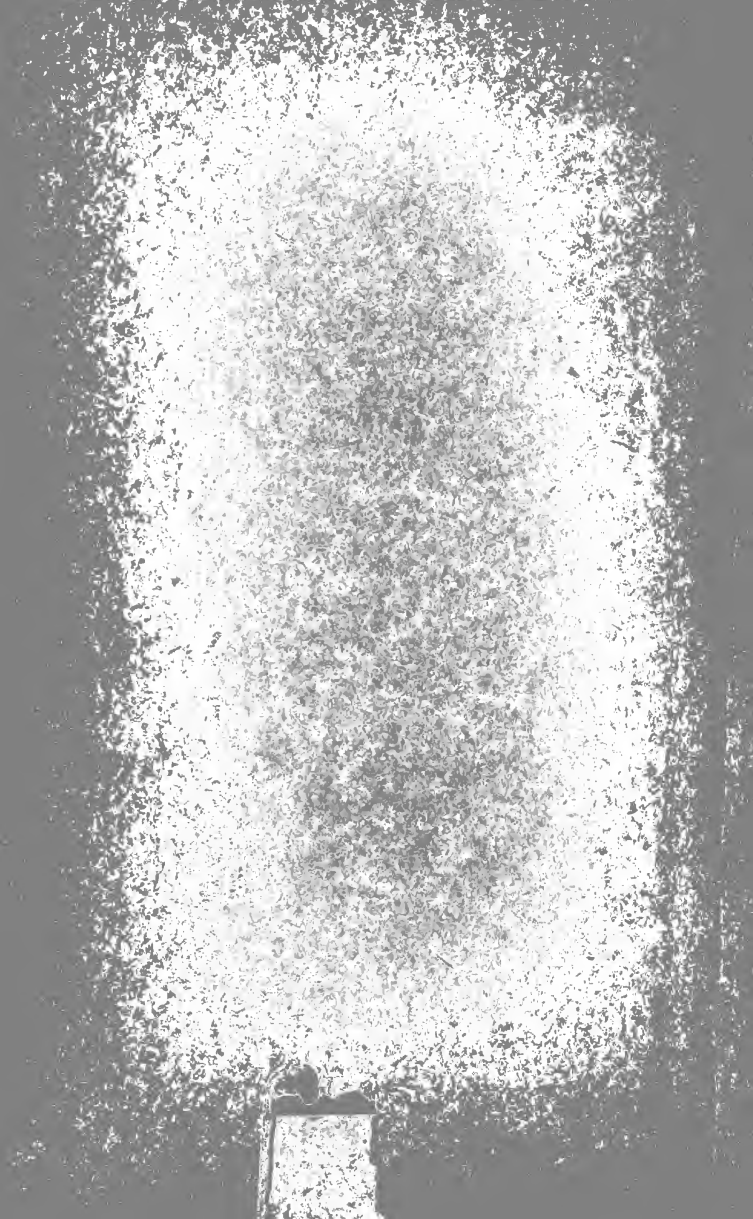
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INDIA TO BRITANNIA.

YOUR hair is gold my daughter, grey is mine ;
Smooth are your cheeks, in mine the wrinkles lie ;
Your eye is clear, like to your summer sky ;
But mine is dim, of bitter tears the shrine.

You keep your youth, though greatly you have striven ;
I too have laboured, wrestled, prayed, and fought ;
Now unto you my sad soul has been brought ;
To give me grace, has grace to you been given ?

I see you strong and stately, fair and free,
Like some young mother with her pleasing brood
Of boys and girls, all blithesome, bright, and good ;
And I with them am well content to be.

What is your secret ? Brawn and blood and brain
Made out of British soil and British air ?
My pearls of patience, penitence, and prayer
Are fairer far than these, and greater gain.

When you were but a babe, I missed the goal,
Though Truth I sought, and equal were my laws ;
I never found the way of life because
I knew no greater God than my own soul.

Have I no part to play, to yield no truth
In your great empire builded by your might ?
My soul shall agonise into the light,
And Christ shall teach me to renew my youth.

THE GAME OF LIFE.

I'VE had my share of downs and ups,
More ups by far than downs ;
I've had my sweet and bitter cups,
My share of smiles and frowns.

I've saved my penny, spent my pound,
I've wagged and held my tongue ;
And every day as it goes round
Contrives to keep me young.

The sunshine comes, the fog, the wet,
And crosses to be sure ;
The more I give, the more I get,
I somehow can't get poor.

With fifty bob a week I'm great,
I make the game to hum ;
And if a fellow has no mate,
That fellow is my chum.

I somehow feel that I'm a swank,
Because my bills I pay ;
And so with gladness do I thank
My Maker day by day.

My mother, sister, friends I've kissed,
My father, brothers nine ;
And if what others have I've missed,
Why, I've enough of mine !

I love my bairns, I love my wife,
The world is still my school ;
I can't make out, upon my life,
The follies of the fool.

I've said my say, both good and bad,
And heard myself orate ;
And if a quid to spare I had,
I shared it with my mate.

I've had my bread without the cheese,
I've tasted good things too ;
I've swatted, and have had my ease,
And hard knocks not a few.

Health good and bad I have enjoyed,
And three times jilted been ;
And yet I vow I never toyed
With things that were unclean.

I've learnt the game of life to play,
A goodish game, no joke ;
I get the greener day by day,
I somehow can't be broke.

Oh, Life's a great kaleidoscope,
Of light and shadows cold,
Of love and loss, of tears and hope,
I somehow can't get old.

If up you look, the ups will win,
And dwindle will the downs ;
Give Christ the chance of looking in,
And crosses turn to crowns.

Leave sneers and gibes to rogues and fools,
The Best is always true ;
And sin and hate are Satan's tools
To make a mess of you.

GOD'S MAN.

GOD'S man is he whose honest face
A clean heart doth subtend ;
Whose hand grip is a living grace,
Who dearly loves his friend :
Whose keen eyes flash the thing that's true,
A man you know and who knows you.

God's man is he whose quiet tongue
Speaks truth in gracious ways ;
Whose noble soul, by love kept young,
Is fragrant all his days :
Who smites the tyrant in his lust,
And lifts the beggar from the dust.

God's man doth eat celestial air,
His feet to music tread ;
His humble heart the home of prayer,
To honour is he wed :
He keeps with God and man his tryst,
And lowly kneels before the Christ.

With caustic eye though him you scan,
A proof of God is he ;
For God alone makes such a man,
And therefore God must be :
Ye scoffers, cynics, and such crew,
The latchets of his shoes undo.

THIS FALSE PHILOSOPHY OF TAILS.

A FALLEN angel came to earth,
And round about began to gape ;
Her mind was filled with mud and mirth,
When lo, she spied a grinning ape.

With wonder she beheld the beast,
The pros and cons she duly weighed ;
The glorious ape was just a feast,
So she of him her husband made.

Now nothing comes to apes amiss,
On two-legged dignity he stood ;
He rather liked the daemon's kiss,
And judged the match was very good.

What nuptial rites they underwent,
What marriage registrar they sought,
What guests were there, what gifts were sent,
This true deponent knoweth not.

A manikin was the result,
Who graced the mesozoic age ;
And so 'tis true, the modern cult,
That you've a caudal appendage.

The fallen angel's name was Wang,
With pride maternal fit to burst ;
The ape was an orang-outang,
Their brat, they named him Homo first.

So far so good ; it will not fail
To quite expound two sorry facts,
Why you have remnants of a tail,
And are so prone to crooked acts.

Eheu ! alas ! but sad to tell,
Divorce comes easy unto apes ;
And fallen angels know full well
When they have eaten sour grapes.

And so it duly came about
The ape to his own kind returned ;
He heeded not, he cast her out,
Her blandishments he hotly spurned.

However, 'twas an easy thing
Thereafter for the man to shape ;
He got his tail, and lost his wing,
As born of angel and of ape.

But here's the rub ; I do protest
With birds and beasts we much agree ;
We've eye and brain and lung and chest,
Why should the tail determine me ?

My brother beast I don't despise,
He has my fullest sympathy ;
The ape, the tiger, fowl that flies,
The ox, the ass, are all in me.

What then ? it's pretty ancient news
That dust we are, to dust return ;
I gladly give the earth her dues,
Yet still for life my soul doth yearn.

This false philosophy of tails
Is stalest stuff I can't applaud ;
The only wisdom that avails
Is why we're mostly like to God.

Why does my bosom greet the sky ?
Or chimes for me the mystic Voice ?
Heaven makes me happy ; wherefore ? why ?
How is High God, not apes, my choice ?

My good friend Evolutionist,
These words with care I pray you scan :
Now of my rhyme this is the gist,
The monkey can't explain the man.

Your wisdom's of the cheaper types ;
Such pabulum doth not agree ;
It gives man's mental stomach gripes,
His moral complex jaundiced be.

TO A VIRTUOUS BORE.

DEAR heart, be good and sweet and kind ;
Let donkeys bray you are a bore,
Cats caterwaul you have no mind,
Their sneers and pity let them pour ;
And all the fungi of the earth,
Make you meet object of their mirth.

The best and bravest brain you need,
Just to be good, and self deny ;
A flower may blossom from a weed,
And glitters oft the serpent's eye :
To every scoffer comes his fate,
The leprosy of sin and hate.

NEIGHBOURS.

MY life to me is nothing worth :
Of health and strength I have my share,
Of food and drink and raiment fair,
I play the game and eat the air,
And best of all, I have no care ;
And yet my life is nothing worth.

My life to you is nothing worth :
My very name you cannot tell,
You mind your business, mind it well,
And were I bound in haste to hell,
You'd eat and drink and buy and sell ;
My life to you is nothing worth.

Your life to me is nothing worth :
I do my do and go my way,
I think my thought, and say my say,
I pay my piper day by day,
You are outside, and there you stay ;
Your life to me is nothing worth.

But when to brother me you learn,
And when to sister you I start,
Our lives to us were better worth
Than all the gold of mother earth,
For so the Lord Christ gave us birth,
And health and strength, and goodly mirth,
To sister you that I may start,
To brother me that you may learn.

MARY THE VIRGIN.

THE blithesome birds were on the wing,
The Great Sea sent a gentle breath ;
I knelt one dew-starred morn in spring
Where lowly nestles Nazareth.

A ray of love-light from God's Face
Flashed forth to Earth a home to find ;
It found me graceless, gave me grace ;
I know not why He was so kind.

Low bent I unto Earth and then
His cleansing came to make me whole ;
A sweet soft blush suffused me when
God's ray of love-light struck my soul.

I knelt and waited wonder lost,
What it might mean I could not tell ;
Upon my breast my hands were crost,
When lo, there gazed great Gabriel.

Angel of light and grace was he,
Amazing words to me he spake ;
The Lord Jehovah is with thee,
Hail maiden Mary, courage take !

Among blest women thou art blest,
Favour with God, lo thou hast won ;
The Holy Ghost on thee shall rest,
And thou shalt mother God's Dear Son.

Far greater than man's utmost worth,
Jesus His name, for cometh He
To saviour every soul on earth,
From shore to shore, and sea to sea.

With downcast head, and palest cheek,
And beating heart with joy aglow,
I maiden Mary, lowly, meek,
Said to the angel, Be it so !

So unto me was born God's Child ;
And when I put Him to my breast,
Emmanuel, my Jesus mild,
My soul was still with utter rest.

And oft I prayed, with many a sigh,
That I might keep Him always there :
But ah, too soon the days went by
From blessed Babe to Boyhood fair.

Oh gladsome light of God's dear Heart,
Child of the Father, Son of Man !
What was it made my teardrops start ?
Why wept I when thy race began ?

For in the distance I could scan
The crown of thorns, the Cross that slew ;
I knew not then God's wondrous plan,
And like a sword, they pierced me through.

The sun rolled on, moons went and came,
 Gracious He grew from day to day ;
And perfumes clung about His name,
 As to His Cross He went His way.

And on that Cross one day I gazed ;
 Dark was the Sun, the rocks were rent ;
And on His brow I saw, amazed,
 The Godhead as His ornament.

Transfixed I gazed with bated breath,
 His Cross sent meaning unto Earth ;
The life I gave Him was for death,
 The death He died was for my birth.

MARY OF BETHANY.

SPEAK Master mine, speak low and sweet,
Thy word of grace so rich and wise ;
Enrapt I listen at Thy feet,
On Thy dear Face I feast mine eyes.

My Lover Thou ! my heart for this
Expectant waits, Redeemer mine ;
Like morning sun with gentle kiss,
Make of my soul Thy holy shrine.

The very thought of Thee I bless,
My Bridegroom, who doth me redeem ;
Thy every look is a caress,
Thy voice the music of a dream.

The joy of those who bear Thy Cross ;
Lord of my life, I ask of Thee :
So count I all things utter loss
If so my soul Thy bride may be.

O Master, whom my soul reveres,
I give Thee all my heart can raise ;
Love cleansed in penitential tears,
And perfumed nard of prayer and praise.

My humble heart Thy happy bride,
Awake my soul ! His worth proclaim !
So perish pleasure, pomp, and pride ;
Riches enough to bear His name.

BUD AND FLOWER.

THE man I ought to be, I ought to be ;
I can't escape the ratiocination ;
Wealthy and wise, the man I sought to be ;
But such was not the ageless obligation.

Wealthy and wise in time I got to be,
Had fame and power by sure and swift gradation ;
Yet I was not the man I ought to be,
But just a manikin in pompous station.

All that I ever strove and fought to be,
By words and deeds, and much Josephic dreaming,
That by some fate it was my lot to be,
And yet I knew that I had missed life's meaning.

Well, what's it all about, I hear you snuff,
These words that you have rhymed for my delection ?
Just this, to bear a bud life's big enough,
But not enough to bring it to perfection.

The bloom contains the earnest of the flower,
Give it the chance, it will achieve its glory ;
So man holds promise heaven is his true dower,
And this life in the next completes its story.

A seed is proof a tree it ought to be,
Hindered and helped it works out its salvation ;
A bird is what the egg but sought to be ;
The man is in the babe in every nation.

Your soul's the seed from which may grow a heaven,
You are the egg from which an angel's hatched,
Why kill your growth by any stunting leaven ?
Or spoil the job till you and God are matched ?

He's in your soul ; He gives you blithesome greeting,
Says, you His very off-spring ought to be ;
For such fruition this life's all too fleeting,
Another life is sure your lot to be.

THE UGLY FACE.

I.

MANY faces have I seen,
Yellow, olive, white, and green ;
Face of saint and face of swank,
Jolly Jap and Yankee lank :
Face of maiden pure and sweet,
Of her sister on the street ;
Face of Hun and face of Turk,
Face impassive or a smirk ;
Face of Briton and of Boer,
Black and brown ; brunettes galore :
Faces sallow, also sleek,
Faces proud, or sad, or meek :
Sad-eyed Indian, negro black,
Chinese gent and coolie slack :
Face of father, mother, bride,
Brother, sister, man of pride ;
Son and daughter, nephew, niece,
Man of war, and man of peace :
Faces of the wise, the fool,
Of the don, the child at school ;
Faces of the Greek, the Rune,
Of the scholar and buffoon :
Everywhere they haunt me,—oh !
As about the world I go.

II.

Many things in them I see,
Which reveal their self to me :
Yet one face alone I know
Which is ugly, bad, and low :
Sure, the hard and selfish face
It's alone bereft of grace :
The very harlot in her paint,
Has the making of a saint.
But the cruel man and hard,
Has a face that's branded, marred,
With the devil's deepest sin,
Lack of love without, within.
God is love, the stars do chime,
Not to love is deepest crime.

RAZIA SULTAN.*

I.

I AM Queen Razia, and men call me King,
Because I deal with them as with a horse
As yet unbroken ; serve out many stripes,
Put curb and bit on, and the cracking whip
I hold above them till they know my will
And do it. Then a few judicious pats
Upon their frothing necks and all is well.
O, it is wondrous pastime ruling men,
The more unruly they the better sport.
Then the fierce will within me doth awake,
And by the Prophet, I am King indeed,
And Queen and Grand Vizier all rolled in one !
So like a god I feel in my own strength
To work my will. Give me the untamed horse,
The hungry tiger, and the wounded pard,
And this my heaving heart is glad withal
At having somewhat strong to strive against
And conquer. Paradise ? What bliss hath Paradise
If with archangels we may not contend
In glorious conflict ? Give me men to rule
Who at the teats of tigresses have sucked

* She was a reigning queen of early India, but was usually styled Sultan or King because of her strong will, great mental power, and masculine virtues generally. She led her army in person in the fiercest fights. She fell in love with one below her in rank and was ultimately put to death.

Strong milk and fierce and know not how to yield,
Give me the men who strive to scale the sky,
To conquer worlds, to tempt the unknown seas,
Who would the rather bare their beating breasts
To take the steel-thrust in mad ecstasies
Of conflict, than take maiden hands in theirs,
Give me such men say I and by the Lord
I'll rule them ! Ah, for such as me such days,
Full to the brim with wine of sparkling life,
Rich ruby tinted, fragrant as the musk !
I'll drink it to the lees, and then come death
Or hell or Paradise, I care not what.
Give me a full draught of the wine of life,
And somewhat of the bitter if it smack,
What of it ? for the bitter makes it rich.
Let me but live my days out to the full,
Contend with gods and devils ; strive each day
For some new mastery of good and ill,
Climb one step nearer every hour to God,
Take all that depth and spaciousness of His
Into my soul, and then when it may will
I care not, let death come and still my heart,
So after strife the sweeter shall I sleep.
What more would we ? we ask too much from life
In craving from her immortality.
Is not our life immortal anyway ?
Man comes a helpless babe into the world
And sucks sweet milk from out his mother's breast.
Ah, mother bosoms softer than the dew,

Sweet with love's milk, and heaving pure and wise
With rich compassions ! Then when that is done,
New loves await him at his mother's eyes,
And knowledge lingers ever on her lips.
So on he grows and leaves his mother's breast
To drink fierce milk from that full-breasted thing
The world. And scorn and hate and fierce delight,
The eagle vision and the giant heart,
Fierce hate and fiercer love, he drinks thereat,
Till life in all its sides confronts his soul
And he stands up a man that God has made !
And having made him God demands of him
That ere he die he shall have lived a man.
Our mothers bore us and we mothers bare,
The past made us and we the future make ;
So every soul is still a little link
In life's long chain of immortality.
What matter if death hide the little links,
Are they not there ? The present on the past,
It rises up as some great stately mosque
Whose deep foundations are alive in earth.

II.

Here stand I whom men call King Razia,
Because with kingly soul I rule my world.
And I am but a woman with proud eyes,
And prouder mouth, yet with a woman's heart.
I never saw a hungry naked child,
But I could put the queen away from me
And be the woman ; bare my ample breast,
So hold it to the little upturned mouth
And let it suck thereat its fill of milk,
While all that bliss divine of motherhood
Comes to my soul and kingdoms seem inane !
Which gives me greater pleasure, ruling men
Or suckling hungry waifs at this my breast,
While tears dissolve the pride from out my eyes
As on their faces I look wistfully ?
There is a double being in my soul.
The one men call King Razia, strong as death.
It loves to grip the hard spear in its hand
And go hunt out the lion in its lair.
It loves the charging squadrons and the clash
Of steel on steel, and that supreme delight
Of bending God's life to its every will.
It loves the fierce debate when with sword thrusts
Men punctuate their heaving arguments.
It loves the quick retort, the goodly wit
Keen pointed like the arrow ; it loves life
Like the great surging sea with onward swell,
That sweeps resistless till it conquers all

Or else lies broken on the rock of death !
The other self God only knows and I ;
God and this breast that longs to lavish love,
And give it, give it, for it fuller gets
The more it gives. O love as strong as sweet ;
O fresh dew on waste places when they burn
With desert drouth ; full breast of fragrant milk
Which mortal man, like infant lips, may suck
And drink of God's life, till man onward grows
To God's great manhood ; keener than the steel
Of famed Damascus ; quicker than the dart
Which death speeds swift ; O love what equals thee ?
Give me my babe to suckle at my breast,
In its soft lips let me but feel my teats,
And then who will may go and rule the world!
I've ruled it and I know that love is best
E'en for a woman with the will of gods.

MY FATHERLAND.

MY Fatherland is God's blue sky,
My Fatherland, dear Fatherland :
I'm homesick when I look on high,
For there's my land, my Fatherland.
Earth's beautiful to pilgrim through,
It keeps my Homeland in my view ;
I'll kiss her when I say adieu
To greet my land, my Fatherland.

'Twas there I found my Kith and Kin,
My Fatherland, dear Fatherland :
They loved me and just took me in,
And heaven became my Fatherland.
So there's my home, and earth's the way
Whereon I journey day by day ;
And lest I wander oft I pray
That I may gain my Glory Land.

I'm on my Father's business here,
To ask you home to Glory Land ;
He bid me tell it with a tear
The gate's ajar to that dear Land.
The clouds depart, the shadows flee,
The sky remains for you and me,
Let's go together till we see
Our Father in our Fatherland.

THE PERFUME OF GETHSEMANE.

I MARVEL at the wondrous grace
That makes my life a blithesome feast ;
At all the blessings that embrace,
And light the steps of saints the least.

I marvel how the fountains flowed
From smitten rocks of circumstance ;
How cooling sweetness oft I owed
To bitter waters of mischance.

I marvel how the wilderness
With bloom and blossom greeted me ;
I'm strangely rich, for I possess
The perfume of Gethsemane.

Lord of my life, I owe to Thee
All that has made my life a song ;
I marvel, yet translucent see,
The tether of Thy grace is long.

I've sinned and wandered, often fell ;
Thy unseen Hand upraised me thence ;
I marvel and delight to tell
The wide sweep of Thy tolerance.

THE GRAND MAGNIFICAT.

A TIME there was in brotherhood
Some patient saints did dwell ;
Their church, it was the gracious wood,
Their altar was the dell.

Their home was 'neath the forest trees ;
The birds they were their friends ;
They loved the light, the winsome breeze
Which living gladness sends.

They loved the sun abreast the dawn,
They loved its gleam at set ;
They loved God's face when daylight shone,
In thunder and in wet.

The stately trees up proudly stood,
Green gladness smiled the glade,
Fair echoes simmered in the wood
Adown the colonnade.

The branches of the sighing fir
 Kissed softly overhead ;
In living lengths and rows they were ;
 Beneath, a grassy bed.

The arching branches far above,
 Straight boughs which gave them birth,
And the calm sound and soul of love,
 Made a perfect fane on earth.

God makes His temples in the heart,
 In the city and the street,
In mountain lone and busy mart,
 And where dim shadows meet.

He makes His temples in the home,
 In minsters great and small,
In ships that o'er the ocean roam,
 In the sky above us all.

And on the earth beneath our feet,
He deigneth yet to dwell ;
In dusty ways His heart we greet,
And in the ocean swell.

So every morn and every eve,
And in the noonday bright,
Their sins the holy men would leave
At the Cross of love and light.

Faith, a gracious thing is gracious prayer,
A wondrous thing is praise,
Like incense sweet and odours fair,
Like the green of grassy ways.

Like the dawn athwart the mountain top
When tinted lights enroll,
Like the hush that is when organs stop,
Or the silence of the soul.

But a thing weighed heavy on their hearts,
And keenly, keenly smote ;
In simple voice they said their parts,
They could not sing a note.

In solemn conclave did they meet,
Debating this and that ;
Said they, all praise will we repeat
Save the Magnificat.

Sing that we must as best we can,
Though best a discord be ;
So day by day, as each began,
They sang their minstrelsy.

The birds they heard and left the trees,
The discord was too great ;
To sip the flowers the very bees
They did not dare to wait.

So daily they as best they could
Sang the Magnificat ;
And discord echoed through the wood ;
No discord was like that.

But faithful were their hearts and true,
Though tuneless were their lays ;
And the God who loveth me and you
Was gladdened with their praise.

While singing thus it chanced one day
There came a goodly boy,
With voice so pure and sweet that they
To hear him stopped for joy.

And that grand old Magnificat
He sang with seraph voice ;
He sang so very sweetly that
He made the birds rejoice.

All hushed to hear ; the birds, the bees,
The very woods were still ;
The breezes would not stir the trees,
Nor murmur would the rill.

And when 'twas done the hush was there,
So glad was every heart ;
When lo, there came God's angel fair,
Serene in every part,

And asked the holiest brother why
While they their prayers were at,
Sung was not to the listening sky
The Grand Magnificat !

AURANGZIB.

(Being the reflections of a Mogul Emperor.)

I.

I SAW a saint go by, and on his brow
No star, but only serried wrinkles deep.
The hollow eye which told of vigils sore,
And fasts and prayers and all the weary ways
Of world-sick saints, still haunt me ; and the lips—
The finely chiselled lips which faithful prayers
Cut softly in man's face—I felt they moved,
And somehow to my heart an anthem came
And touched it. Is the saint then so like God ?
And yet no star but only furrows deep
Set lengthwise on a sadly noble brow
That lit the face up as it were a god's.
No star but furrows ! Then what profits it
To be a saint ? the thing is most unjust.
I, high and mighty emperor and lord,
Have crowns enough to play with as I list ;
And if my heart is robbed of lordly ease
By cares of state, and wives, and such like things,
I wish it, and the world begins to dance,
Fair fragrant women emulate to please,
And kings and courtiers go the buffoon's round
To chase the evil humour from my heart.
And did not Allah make these women fair
So man may cheat the devils when they squirm
Within his soul ? So do my gilded youth

Find some atonement in their lives inane.
The rich man grumbles ; goes and robs the poor
In righteous ways ; then is his soul content,
And in his jewelled belly straightly sinks !
The poor are robbed ; repay the rich in hate,
And curses black as from the mouth of hell,
As is most just and proper, so say I.
So there the matter lies ; luscious delights
For emperors ; soft girls for graceless fools
To play with ; golden stomachs for the rich ;
And a fine choice of curses for the poor.
So Allah hath on every human brow.
Set up its recompense, except for saints.
I would not be a saint, not even when
My fifty wives play havoc with my peace.
Faith now, a thankless thing ; yet God is just ;
Why will men take to sainthood, wonder I ?
Prayers, fasts, and vigils ; weary midnight toils,
The loveless loneliness, the cold and heat,
Thunder and wet and watches mid the tombs,
And bread and water in a dismal cave,
Yet not a star for throbbing furrowed brows.
Bah ! men are mad to hunger to be saints.
What profit ? Do the saints alone gain heaven,
Or is God's Paradise for them alone ?
The earth is very good, and doubtless too
Heaven is more good, and wisdom lies in this
To get as much of good from earth and heaven.
Why leave earth out ? These saints are sorry fools.
To eat and drink and marry many wives,

Have noble palaces and gardens cool,
And goodly raiment, music soft and fair,
Boon friends and wine and wit, and all the round
Of spacious throbbing life in all its sides ;
Oh men are mad to see no good on earth,
And shut themselves in dismal deathly caves
When life such goodly harvests richly yields.
I'll catch a saint and make him grand vizier
A whole year through ; will stuff him full with things
All good and comely ; never thwart a wish
Of his ; will ply him with choice wines and rich,
With choicer women lovely as the rose ;
And by the Prophet if he still prefers
His sorry sainthood, may my soul be damned !
Men take to sainthood as they take to rags,
Because their fate for them no better holds.
And yet I thought the saint I saw go by
Looked richer in his poverty and pride
Than yonder jewelled ape, my grand vizier.
What right have saints to pride ? I will allow
Their claim to poverty and rich men's crumbs,
To buffets, jeers, and such like pretty things.
Do they not howl for these, and think men's kicks
Sweet benison and their peculiar right ?
But pride ? what does a buffet-loving saint
With that ? And yet on that worn wasted face
Pride gleamed as sunset on some snow-girt height
Lost in the sky. I take it there must be
Two prides within man's heart ;—this heart of man
Beyond all measure is a marvel quite,

The very heart of fools is wonderful—
There is God's pride ; and there is that black pride
Which devils sow and nurture. God is just.
The holy strength of virtue is God's pride,
And that saint had it ; would he were vizier
In place of yonder jewel bellied ape.
We men are all fools, every mother's son ;
Kings, emperors, quazis, and the rest of them,
Saints, sinners, and the saint the most intense
And fiery fool of all. And God is just ;
So hath he made us fools so we be wise
Not to knock up our heads against a life
Which gives enough of bliss and none to spare.
The saint wants bliss and sinners want it too,
And life, like some fair houri, comes to us
With both hands full of it, and bids us choose.
We grasp at both hands and life yields it up,
And if it surfeit, why then surely bliss
Is worth a passing belly ache or two.
So reasons not the saint. He looks at life,
Broods on her face, and sooth because 'tis fair,
And soft and luscious, full of sweet delights,
He argues only devil's snares in her
And all her beauty. Why are women sin
To saints ? They are like marrow in man's soul.
Oh, life is a full-blooded, luscious girl
With flowing locks, and glowing dainty cheeks,
Fawn-eyes, and creamy coloured tinged with rose,
With ruby lips, and bosoms soft as dew
Which rise and fall in gentle cadences.

Ah, that is life ; but saints, the sorry things,
Will go search over very heaven and earth
For some old hag to mate with as their life.
These saints hate life because its beautiful.
If God is lovely and the devil black,
I trow he made life beauty, not a hag,
And witches are the devil's handiwork.
Why bread and water when there's ruby wine
And cool pomegranates for man's drink and meat ?
Oh, I can have no patience with these saints
Who make life old and colourless.

Yet now

That pale and furrowed saint with fiery eyes,
And hollow cheeks who passed me, haunts me still.
Do I not read the Book both morn and night
And every noonday ? And do I not pray
Seven times a day ? and every waking hour
My beads do I not faithfully recount ?
Do I not fast ? do I not give in alms ?
And have I coveted my neighbour's wife ?
'Tis true my kingly office would have fared
But ill, if some proud puffed-up addled heads
Had I allowed to stay upon their trunks.
What of it ? Allah gives us kings the right
To cut a head off here and there, for peace.
How is that saint then more acceptable
To Allah, than his bondman Aurangzib ?

II.

This saint is most persistent. Have I not
Proved to my soul that Kaiser Aurangzib,
God's slave and king of seventy million souls,
And many hundred thousand squares of land,
Is just as saintly as the fairest saint
Who loves not wine and women and good things ?
I love them all, and women most of all.
What then ? and was not woman for the man ?
What wrong if I take women to my breast,
And saints, the sorry fools, take stings in theirs ?
Which is the better ? women by ten miles,
Though they sting sometimes worse than scorpions sting.
I'll catch that saint and have his head cut off ;
That haunting face of his will then no more
Disturb my heart with its calm sad reproof.
'Twill save him many vigils, snares, and fasts,
Send him the quicker to his longed for heaven.
Reproof ? Is this my conscience then so black
That every saint with sad and furrowed brow
Speaks out a speechless judgment to my soul ?
Ha, there he goes again ; I'll send for him.
Oh wiser than the serpent, Grand Vizier,
Fountain of wisdom, well of eloquence,
I pray thee send that worn-out saint to me.
Ah, here he is ; thou art a saint I see.
Canst tell me, saint, why thou dost love thy life ?
Are buffets sweeter than a maiden's kiss,
Or dusty highways than a maiden's breast ?

Is bread as hard as stone as good for meat
As that pomegranate yonder on the tree ?
Is water better than the luscious grape
Aburst with juice and fragrance ? Tell me now,
Do rags become man more than fine array,
And dust and heat than gardens cool and green ?
I'll make thee rich. Give up thy saintly life ;
Come, be a man, and live life to the full ;
Go love and marry, and beget some sons
Goodly and wise and brave as lions are,
And lovely daughters fresh as this fair rose
That lies at my feet. Bandy wit with men,
And sharpen wisdom on another's mind.
Subdue men to thy will and conquer them.
And make them honour thee till that same day
Earth's honours all dissolve in Paradise
Ablaze with honours for men such as thou.
Wilt not exchange thy rags for all my wealth ?
Then will I have thy head cut off, for fools
Like unto thee should die. Have I placed wrong
Before thine eyes, O fiery visaged saint ?
Or a vast spacious world of noble life
Where we may drink life to its very full.
Art not afraid to die ? then go and live !
What vengeance slaying men who wish for death ?
May you live unto fifty score of years ;
So may delay of entry into heaven
Be your slow long drawn agony.

Yet stay ;

I like thy face, saint, though I know not why.

There's somewhat of a distant God in it,
As if God loved thee. But He loves us all,
And yet upon our faces is no God,
But only anger, pride, and hateful lust.
I saw thee going by, and saw no star
But only furrows on thy wasted brow.
But now mine eyes see every line a ray
Of God's love better than the stars ! Go, saint,
Go to thy hut and nobly dwell with God,
For thou in Him art wise. And now I see
'Tis loving God that makes life rich and wise,
And fragrant as the breath of early dawn ;
O God, have mercy on my wretched soul.

COR DEI.

UNTIL the day dawn and the day-star rise,
And the shadows leave ;
Until the spectres of thy weary eyes
Thee no longer grieve ;
Take thy heart and rest it, rest it lowly,
Where the heart of God beats sweet and holy.

Lo, amid the woodlands green and gracious,
God doth rest Him there.
And the voice of summer twilight spacious
Whispers sweet and fair.
In the golden shadows, in the gleaming,
See, His soul with royal rest lies dreaming.

And between the linden branches lying,
Summer shadows rest.
Hear their voices and their mystic sighing
Of immortal quest ?
To you and me this truth they gently bring
That God's great heart it is a winsome thing.

O winsome is the sunset and the glitter,
And the soft refrain
Of the swallows distant twilight twitter,
Clear and pure of stain :
And winsome, winsome, comes the evening call
To rest, which God's calm heart doth breathe to all.

O well it is when thus divine, supremest,
Thy laws enfolden,
To dare the dark, dear Heart of God that gleamest
With gleams so golden.
O well it is if dusty dark doth clod,
To search the midnight for the Heart of God.

Alack, the midnight finds us out left lonely
Of golden gleaming ;
Take but God's Heart and see, O then, then only
The dark hath beaming.
Seize thou His soul and then with glad surprise
Immortal day will light thy mortal eyes.

GILBOA.

FAIR daughters of the Lord of Hosts, your deepest anguish weep,

Your lovers you no more shall see, Gilboa gives them sleep :

No more their mailéd arms shall draw you softly to their breast,

No more will they when strife is done steal unto you for rest.

O ! mothers of God's chosen seed, why husband ye your fears ?

Hie you in haste, Gilboa's mount doth claim no common tears ;

For there the Lord's anointed takes the common sleep of death,

Unhallowed sleep not given of Him who gave us of His breath.

Ye fathers who in lusty youth didst love the battle's roar,

Who feared no foe for God the Lord He smote your foeman sore,

Disdain not with some holy tears your hollow eyes to fill,
For the mighty on Gilboa lie, their battled hands are still.

And he the favoured of the Lord, yet Him no favour
showed ;

Vex not his soul with common grief, attempt thou not
his load ;

For the Lord of Hosts He made him strong to wield no
common steel,

The Lord of Hosts He gave him strength which none
but angels feel.

O ! maidens pure, go round about fair Lebanon's blue
hills,

In whispers dread proclaim with fear Gilboa's woeful
ills ;

How mighty sire and noble son lie in one bed of gore,
How stout, strong arms of lovers true shall fondle you
no more.

Go tell the listening hollows how the mighty fallen are,
And the weapons dread of glorious war lie perishing afar ;
How on Gilboa's gory heights there ever more shall fall
The maiden's tears of anguish which from death her
love would call.

No more for them the sun shall rise, or stars their
jewels show,

No moon shall wax and wane with lights that lovers
fondly know ;

No more adown the breezy wolds fresh lust of life
they'll take,

No more shall Judah's pleasant fields fair homes of
kindness make.

No more with kindling eye shall they smite bold for
Israel's God ;

They sleep in peace, so let them sleep beneath the kindly
sod ;

No more shall Jordan's waters make their thirst of
toil to cease,

No more with footsteps glad shall they hie unto homes
of peace.

Yet in your anguish fail you not one thought of praise
to give,

For the Lord of Hosts He willed that men should strive
and rule and live ;

Go daughters fair of Israel, firm hold this knowledge
high,

Jehovah makes you lovers true of men who dare to die.

THE SMOKING FLAX.

WE will our wills, not always well,
God willeth well forever ;
And yet awhile though darkness dwell,
His Will it faileth never.
Wouldst murmur then when He subdues,
Or for His light thy flicker choose ?

A little light our hearts may boast,
A faint and feeble glimmer ;
Which still, when it is needed most,
Doth colder grow and dimmer.
And for our rushlight shall we sell
His Sun that showeth all things well ?

PASSIO CHRISTI.

OH Christ who through the darkness of Thy Cross,
And shades wherein no mortal man hath lain,
Didst unto us bring healing through Thy loss,
And left us all the guerdon of Thy pain,
Lo, once again Thy unrelenting crown,
The burden of our souls hath taken down.

And once again the shadows sadly creep
Into Thy soul, as Thou man's sin dost view ;
And yet while Thou Thy bitter tears dost weep,
And sad Gethsemane is sad anew,
Steals unto us the mead of all Thy tears,
The shades were Thine, but ours the sunny years.

And Thine the bitter, unto us the sweet,
The shame for Thee, but glory for our brow ;
The light for our, but nails for Thy dear feet,
Thine the sharp thorns, but ours the roses now ;
Alack that mortal sins still make for Thee,
A daily cross, a daily calvary.

TAKE MY HAND.

TAKE my hand in yours, dear,
Hold it very fast ;
So love's light allures, dear,
Daylight is not past.

And in yours my heart, dear,
Place it close and warm ;
For from you apart, dear,
All is cold and storm.

When with morn aglow, dear,
You kneel down to pray,
Breathe me soft and low, dear,
Blithesome well-a-day.

And when evening stealeth
Into solemn night ;
Tired heartaches healeth
With calm infinite ;

Soft again repeat, dear,
Words too sweet to tell ;
Me, when kneeling, greet, dear,
For thou prayest well.

KEEP YOUR SUNDAY HOLY.

HALE and hearty would you be ?
Keep your Sunday holy !
Body, mind, and soul agree
They are one, though they are three ;
Each the other's brunt should share,
Play their game and play it fair ;
Have an equal partnership
In the things that matter most ;
Let no good occasion slip
To be each the other's boast.

It's not fair to rob your soul,
Keep your Sunday holy !
Let not mind or body steal
Good that's meant the life to heal.
No true soul the mind bereaves,
Or the body poorer leaves.
Why should body then conspire
To quench out the soul's sweet fire ?
Or the mind with caustic eye
To the heart her right deny ?

Therefore give your soul her due,
Keep your Sunday holy !
Truest friend is she to you
Like soft rain of freshest hue.
She your body will restore,
Brace your brain to something more ;
Fit you for a six-day week,
Make you patient, brave, and meek.
Sunday is a gracious boon,
Best enjoyed at life's high noon.

Wise and wealthy would you be ?
Keep your Sunday holy !
She will give, I do allege,
All your powers a keener edge ;
Tighten muscle, cleanse the vein,
Put grey stuff into your brain ;
Give you gumption ; fire renew,
Make the fullest man of you.
Body, mind, and soul should be
Three as one, and one as three.
Sunday's tears are good to weep,
Sunday's joys are strong and deep ;
It's plain truth ; so therefore keep
All your Sundays holy !

DON'T BE SINGLE !

DON'T be single merry maiden,
Marriage is your happy due ;
With good husbands life is laden,
Your right one is waiting you.

Husband ? Yes ! You'll live to thank him,
You will be his dearest dot ;
Find him, kiss him, love him, spank him,
He'll be better for the lot.

Should you find no man to marry,
Yet life's full of husbands true ;
Make your choice ; pray do not tarry,
What you love will husband you !

INDIAN LOVE LYRICS.

I.

MY Beautiful, the dew lies soft
Upon the green, green grass ;
Curls crisp the mist from yonder croft,
The chill night vapours pass.
The bul-bul sings unto its mate,
The ko-il softly calls ;
My Beautiful I cannot wait,
Come while fair dawning falls.

My Beautiful the morning air
Is fragrant with the rose ;
White lilies rise up everywhere,
The love-light rosy glows.
The morning winds will kiss your cheek,
And in your soft, soft breast
The early sunbeams eager seek
A pillow where to rest.

My Beautiful, like morning winds
I too your cheek would kiss :
If rest on you the sunbeam finds
Shall I such gladness miss ?
The rosebud opes two petals sweet
To take the morning air ;
So mine your red rose lips would greet
My Beautiful and Fair.

There on the face of blushing east
Long lengths of gold arise ;
Soft sunlight bathes the most and least,
In crimson sweet and wise.
But this my heart no morn will know
My Beautiful, till thou
The sunlight of your eye will show,
And gladness of your brow.

II.

Dear heart the wind blows cold,
Without the storm ;
But my fond love and old
Will keep thee warm.

Moans sad the moorland stark,
Sigheth the rain ;
Without, a midnight dark
Of loveless pain.

Your rest my bosom make,
Why still apart ?
Then a bright dawn shall make
My longing heart.

III.

O well it is when woods are green,
And mellow sunlight dreams between
The daisy and the dew ;
To have you, dear, alone, apart,
Your grateful presence in my heart,
With nothing else but you.

O well it is when all is still
Save but the bul-bul and the rill
That yonder babbleth by ;
To drink with you, dear little sprite,
Love's calm and sweet and pure delight,
Which knoweth not a sigh.

And well it is, dear love of mine,
To feel your lips, like ruby wine,
My inmost being warm ;
Like sunshine is it after rain,
Like kindly pleasure after pain,
And soothing after storm.

IV.

Love me when the morn doth glow,
And the dew crisp lieth ;
When the zephyrs softly blow,
And the cedar sigheth.

When the gloaming full of prayer,
Doth the heart relieve :
Love me in the noonday fair,
And when chimes the eve.

Love me best when, full of sin,
My whole heart is weary :
Love me when the chimes within
Slayeth all the dreary.

Love me when man strikes me down,
Turns his face away :
When the very angels frown,
And is done the day.

Love me when your pure sweet love,
I do not deserve.
When no stars do shine above,
And my feet do swerve.

Love me in my dark defeat,
When all else deride ;
When are sore my aching feet,
And the world doth chide.

And so whether storm or shine
My life's way attend,
Give me love's rich ruby wine,
Love me without end.

V.

When I am dead, dead, dead,
With dreamland in my head,
 You will know I loved you, sweet ;
Loved you beyond your dreaming,
Loved you in deed, not seeming,
Loved with a love, gold, gleaming ;
 You will know I loved you, sweet.

When I lie still, still, still,
Weep o'er me the winds will ;
 Then you'll know I loved you, sweet ;
Loved with a love, high, holy,
Loved with a love not lowly,
Ah softly, yet not slowly ;
 Then you'll know I loved you, sweet.

When I do sleep, sleep, sleep,
And stars do watch and weep,
 You will know I loved you, sweet ;
Loved with sweet love, not bitter,
Loved with love's strength and glitter,
Love growing fitter, fitter ;
 You will know I loved you, sweet.

And when I rise, rise, rise,
To life beyond blue skies,
 I will love you, love you, sweet ;
Our souls will sweet co-mingle
In love complete and single,
With swift joys tingle, tingle,
 Ah, I'll love you, love you, sweet.

VI.

Dawn hath no glow in it ; see, there it blushes,
Only some woe in it rosily rushes.

See, the streaks lengthen out, clear as pure amber,
While the hours strengthen out, each on each clamber.

Morn hath no morning grace, night though it closes,
Though its adorning face rise up in roses.

Hath it no worth in it ever adorning,
Brighter though earth in it, love makes the morning !

Tinted streaks finger out more and more golden,
Yet dawn doth linger out if love be holden.

A HYMN OF HEALING.

WHEN dark as death upon thy soul
Life's dim, sad, mysteries shall fall ;
Or when the bitter waters roll,
And sere misgivings overthral ;
No mournful muse seek in thy ruth,
Nor make thee friendship with thy pain ;
But fervent hold this sacred truth,
Strong souls no dimness entertain.

Clear sunshine lights their strenuous way,
Nor idle fears their souls can dim,
No fitful fever mars their day,
Nor lack they any holy hymn :
But melodies of calmest peace
Adown their drift of life are borne,
And high resolves do never cease
To wreck the weakness which would mourn.

When doubt thy inward quiet breaks,
And fills thee with a dark despair ;
All glory from thy manhood takes,
And leaves thee nothing that is fair,—
Seek not man's wisdom to reveal
The mystery of life and pain ;
But to the Secret Presence steal,
And doubts depart like summer rain.

And when unloved the iron eats

And enters through thy deepest soul ;
No love thy lonely heart-ache greets

With pure, fresh, dew to lave it whole ;
Cease not to love, though unreturned

Thou livest through thy unloved days ;
Thrice blest the love in sorrow learned,
That solace finds from its own rays.

What wouldst thou with unhallowed sounds

And joyless days thy heart annoy ?
Life with rich recompense abounds,

No loss can bankrupt its high joy :
Sure He who gave it , gave His best,

No moulded clay of fume and fret,
Nor idle plaything of unrest,
But light divine which cannot set.

DONA NOBIS PACEM.

O LAMB of God grant unto us Thy peace,
Our fevered hearts so many cares annoy ;
From bondage of unquiet us release,
And for our discord give us chords of joy :
Oft hath Thy mercy bidden rest arise,
But now alack, 'tis holden from our eyes.

Dawn after dawn Thy glorious worlds await,
Eve follows eve in calmest beauty dressed ;
Sunshine and shadow solemn alternate,
And in a calm serene Thy doings rest :
All know of peace, and of a sweet content,
Save these our hearts, Thy chiefest ornament.

Wise were we once in anguish and in tears,
But teach us now the wisdom of Thy rest ;
Drunk deep have we of many sins and fears,
And our dim hearts are sick and sore opprest ;
Now from our lips remove the cup of ill,
With healing Voice, bid our faint hearts be still.

Too often have we scoffers mocked the good,
And cast her out : she hath no life we say ;
But now sin's hurt our hearts have understood,
And wiser after blows we kneel to pray :
Just is our meed of stripes for all our ill,
Yet dare we pray Thee, bid our souls be still.

Thy myriad worlds in vast and myriad ways
Roll on majestic through the infinite.
No discord mars their course, and endless days
In changeless calm attend them with delight.
Through tracts in awful silence brooding still,
In rigid peace their doom do they fulfil.

So be our course as of some lighted sphere :
We are not less but greater, and our souls
Though dim with shadow and with impious fear
Diviner are than any world which rolls.
And Thou who art to all a Perfect Day,
As Thou their lesser, guide our greater way.

Erstwhile Thou camest when with hope elate
Fast beat our hearts with strength of life's
young dream ;
O proud we stood, erect for any fate
Of good or ill, of dark or glorious gleam.
So come once more in vaster visions dressed,
For Thou to mortal souls art still the best.

Unknowing fear, right well we knew our strength ;
We dared to grip the hellish things of earth
In our own might ; and then the scales at length
Fell from our eyes, revealing our unworth.
Subdued by sin, and bitter with self scorn,
Like wrecks we wait the coming of Thy morn.

O come Thou Morning Star of our dim souls,
Come with the blush of love, with healing light :
Clear as the dawn on earth its glory rolls,
Come with Thy strength of truth, calm infinite.
So after fall, arise we now anew,
As off the earth riseth the crystal dew.

O life, great life, that with thy onward sweep,
As of vast waves that scud the boundless sea
Storm-tossed, which on God's rock-bound earth will reap
A recompense of strife ; so let thine be
That all thy turmoil undermine the ill,
As waves hew out the rocks which break them still.

Storm in the deep ; deep storm within the heart ;
And our roused souls with passion tempest-tossed
Sweep on unheeding till at length they part
In sunder, on some sterner headland lost.
So like spent waves we lie, but seething still ;
Dear God of calm now work in us Thy will.

As calm above blue Galilee Thy voice
Did still its rage, lulled into rest profound,
As still Thy breath doth make Thy worlds rejoice,
As one by one each in its ordered round
Moves placid onward, so do Thou instil
Our souls with ordered peace at Thy sweet will.

We are not wise, for of our ills we make
Too great a thing and magnify their might ;
From our own hearts our peace ourselves we take,
And monsters of our making us affright.
As hath our folly been so make us wise,
Heal our seared souls, touch Thou our blinded eyes.

COR QUIETUM.

RESTLESS heart be still,
Nought can do thee ill ;
God is good !
Soothe thy soul He will.

Those on Him who wait,
Are with rest elate ;
Great is He,
Kind, compassionate.

At the lowly Cross
Gain He gives for loss ;
God is love !
Cleanse He will our dross.

By the pleasant mead
He our feet will lead,
Shepherd true !
Who for us did bleed.

Jesu at Thy side
Safely may we hide ;
 Saviour send
Light at eventide.

When our day is past,
And we stand at last,
 At Thy throne,
Anchor may we cast.

GOOD NIGHT.

HOLD Thou my hand ;
Then, though it be the night,
Gleams fair the chrysolite.

Hold Thou my hand ;
And lo, stars one by one,
Clear as the sheen of sun.

Hold Thou my hand ;
And that white moon of peace,
Breathes out a soft release.

Hold Thou my hand ;
Then if it be to die,
I would not pass death by.

Hold Thou my hand ;
And fold me to Thy breast,
There will I take of rest.

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